

## **Takers, The**

### **"Curse Of A Drunk"**

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Nobody's talkin,  
The air's filled with time,  
The jukebox is broken,  
Don't bother with your dime,  
The neon's fading,  
And the records, they're all the same.

And the bottles use to cut deep,  
But they've lost their edge,  
The sky's turning gray,  
Eyes are turning red.  
And my mind's setting.  
On the night I decided to stay.

And it'd cold in this house,  
When the weather gets in,  
And my thoughts are like ice,  
When the Whiskey's in my skin.  
And I lay in old dreams,  
And slowly, I fade out.

And the curse of a drunk,  
Is he'll go home alone,  
Meet me out back in 5,  
I'll meet you there, we'll get stoned.  
And talk about where we're from  
And how we would go back, if our ships hadn't sunk.  
And I'm floating again to the door.  
I'm killing myself,  
Fighting this civil war.

And I'm chained to the bar,  
That's chained to my seat,  
And I'd ask her to dance,  
If I could get to my feet,  
But my boots are to drunk,  
To try and put on a show.

The world stop turning,  
I crawled into bed,  
I'm ashamed of myself,

Pull the covers over my head,  
And my stomach's on fire,  
For fear of tomorrow.

And it'd cold in this house,  
When the weather gets in,  
And my thoughts are like ice,  
When the Whiskey's in my skin.  
And I lay in old dreams,  
And slowly, I fade out.

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